## NEW CHURCHES

Two More Commodious Uptown Houses of Worship.

EPISCOPAL PARISHES TELESCOPED.

A Catholic Congregation About to Move from a Rasement to a Stately Temple.

New churches of stately proportious are proceeding skyward in the upper portions of the city at such a rate that it is difficult to keep track of them. All denominations seem to be sharing impartially in this noticeable architectural impulse.

The Sunday HERALD has two new edifices to portray to-day. There are few people of the church going public, if any, in this city who will not remember the disastrous conflagration on the night of January 22, 1890, which deprived the congregation of St.

Timothy's Protestant Episcopal Church in West Fifty-seventh street of their house of worship. After over a year of anxious waiting the glad tidings now come to the members of the congrega-

school, chapel and various other rooms for social purposes.

COMMODIOUS INTERIOR.

The workmanship of the Interior of the church will be in violent contrast with the severe and plain exterior. The ornamentation and decorations will be of the most elaborate kind. The timbers of the roof will be of the open truss style and will be finished to correspond with the other decorations. They will be uphed and supported by a series of fourteen lofty and massive stone pillars, those at the intersection of the nave and transept being clustered columns of great beauty.

The great organ, which will be located over the choir room, will have its pipes exposed and highly ornamented. The interior walls of the edifice, instead of being the usual plaster finish, will be finished with smooth, red brick, broken at regular intervals with wide bands of gray brick. It is expected that the new church will be completed and ready for occupation in time for the celebration of next Christmas.

ALL SAINTS' NEARING COMPLETION.

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Among the handsome church buildings now approaching completion in this city there are none more beautiful than the Roman Catholic Church of All Saints. It is located on the corner of Madison avenue and 120th street, in Harlom.

This noble edifice was begun nearly two years ago. While the outer walls were going up the congregation were worshipping in the basement, which had been temporally roofed over for that purpose. It is built in the Italian Gothic style of architecture, tho material employed being buff brick, with darker terra colla trimmings.

INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS.

The ground plan of the edifice is cruciform in shape, with a nave, two transepts and a choir or sanctuary. The folal dopth inside the building is 140 feet, while the greatest breadth of the nave and its side alsies is 68 feet. The height of the nave from the floor of the centre aisle to the circustory ceiling is 65 feet, while the ceilings of the side aisles are 36 feet each. The breadth of the transepts from side to side is 50 feet, while the choir is Nifeet wide and 27 feet in depth.

Vn each side of the sanctuary there are two



A Man Who Lived Through Five Exciting Eras.

REMINISCENT VOLUMES NEW AND OLD

"The Light That Failed" Is Freshened by Kipling's Pen.

SOME ARTISTS AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING.



SKED recently what new story is most unlike all others and most likely from business for two or three hours, I promptly named "Phra the Phoenician," by the vounger Edwin Arnold. Phra was a combination of sailor, tough and gentleman, who began life about two thousand years ago, died, and reappeared several times at intervals of two

or three hundred years. He had the happy faculty of waking up whenever something worth seeing was going on, and of turning up his toes just when things became too bot for comfort. Unfortunately the secret of his method died with him, about the time the age of chivalry ended. He began life as a maritime trader, with a strong leaving toward piracy, and he found life in Britain so enjoyable—he had bought a superb English woman as wife that all his reappearances were on English soil. He first materialized as a Roman centurion in a British camp, he turned up again to fight the Norman invaders and have the last Saxon King of England die in his arms, he made himself useful at the battle of Creey, and did not cease living anew until the time of Queen Elizabeth, when he committed his recollections to paper. He never ceased to be a swaggering swash-backler among men, but he was very susceptible to woman's influence, and had more gentlemanly institutes than are manifested by some prominent Englishmen of modern times. He is a formidable rival to any and all of Rider Haggard's horoes, and no more impossible. (Harper's.)

Mothers of irrepressible little girls will thank me for informing them that a little magazine called Two Down's Drawmaker has just begon publication in New York. It has stories about dolls, pictures of dolls, and, best of all, patterns of tiny garments for little eyes, soissors and fugere to linger over. The editor and publisher is Jennie Wren, No. 35 East Seventy-seventh street.

Annie Thomas is the English Charles King, or Captain King is the American Annie Thomas, according to the nationality of the reader. Her characters are English officers and their sweethearts, and they are drawn to the life. Her latest taio "Le Beau Sabreaut," has two additional characters—the hero's horse and dog—who are quite as intelligent and amusing as any of the people. Indeed, if the dog were mine I wouldn't trade him for all the men in the book, nor for any of the women—but one. (United States Book Company, New York.)

pany. New York.)

Usually when I look into an incomplete book bearing the name of a man who has died. I find reason to wish that at least the manuscript had been cremated. An exception must be filed, however, in the case of Proressor Welsh's "Digest of English and American Literature." I do not know of any other volume from which an intellgent reader can so quickly get a combined and comprehensive view of English literature and history from the time of the Roman invasion down to the present balt century. A little revision would make this volume invaluable to home students of literature and to that great class of wide awake persons "whese early education was neglected." (8, C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

All the wild boys in town would subscribe liberally to foreign missions if all missionaries were like Mackay, of Uganda. I haven't in months found a finer, more heroic, more lovable fellow in novel or blography. His portrait shows alart eyes and broad shoulders that would be worth everything to a baseball team, and the extracts from his letters and diaries show splendid spirit. That men of his own profession spoke well of him was to be expected, but that he carned the admiration and affection of Stanley, Spare, Endin and other hard headed African travellers shows that he was a man of no common mould. Mackay was the youth whom the Church Missionary Society sent to Africa to convert King Missionary Society sent to Africa to convert King Missionary Society sent to Africa to convert King Missionary Society sent to Africa the reader, whether Christian or pagan, will absorb some new ideas of manifiness.

To any one who wants a good general atlas, but is frightened at the customary prices of such books, I confidently recommend Macmillan's "Physical and Political Atlas." It contains eighty maps by Bartholomew, who cannot be best at that sort of work. The page is about a foot square.

work. The page is about a foot square.

The new edition of General Cullum's biographical register of West Point graduates is not a safe book to be opened by any one who is interested in the army, yet has business of his own requiring inmediate attention. Almost every one who knows and admires some West Pointers has learned by experience of one notable difference between volunteer and regular soldiers—the latter seldem tell war stories. Occasionally this reticence may descrive commendation: on the other hand, it prevents men from knowing what splendid records some of their military acquaintances have made. The needed information is supplied by General Cullum's book, which is more than twice as large as the old, is much better in arrangement and gives many highly creditable details regarding gallant fellows who never taik about themselves. The book also contains a history of the early days of the Academy—the days when boys were boys, (floughton, Mifflin a Co.)

Much and painful endurance of the foreign travel reminiscences of acquaintances and strangers have compelled me to hope that Frank Stockton's new fuse of hiring a Listener—with a large !.—will be generally adopted. Still, a listener is no protection against the traveller who subjects you to a book instead of a buttonholling, so m self-defence and in juty for my many tousand fellow sufferers I impore would be writers of books of travel to stuny "Where We Went and What We Saw," just patilished by the Putamas. Whether the fact that Mr. neece, the author, wrote for the entertainment and information of his father explains his style I do not know, but instead of giving an itinerary and a lot of second hand information from guide books and cyclopedias, as most tourists do in their books, he tells little except what he himself saw and he wit affected him, and he has made a book which is readable throughout and which will not hore either his friends or his enemies. He even forbears to inflict chapters about the beaten tracks of travei, giving his entire space to Egypt, Syris and the Iouna lisies. Much and painful endurance of the foreign travel

Having read some of Anna Warner's books with great pleasure, I find myself disappointed as well as puzzled by her "Patience," recently published. The first half is about a fine fellow and an interesting girl; in the last half the girl becomes ctupid and the mana and, it reminds me of a story of a saintly clergyman married to a Xantippe, who trusted his wife to prepare for publication—by request—his sermon on the joys of the hereafter. The first part of the pamy hat lifted godly readers to the evenuch meaven, but the end was from an essay on the same subject which he had perpetrated in his unregenerate days at a German university, and told how

in heav'n, where eights grow on each tree.
Where brooks run beer, tobacco grows in groves,
We'll meet, and smoke, and drink to former love. We'll meet, and smoke, and drink to former loves. Can some enemy of Miss Warner have mixed two books with dissimilar characters? Perhaps not; naybe the author has attempted a realistic novel to show what poor stuff is often beneath the veneer of early courtship manners, but if this were the purpose the work should have been done more carefully. (Lippincetts,)

As most residents of the metropolis had the misfortune to be born somewhere class they should be grateful to Theodore Roosevelt for his little book "New York," which he has contributed to the Longmans "Historic Towns" series. I have read several interesting volumes on the same subject, but most of them are longer than people without local pride will enjoy. Mr. Roosevelt's story is but little in excess of two hundred pages, yet it is accurate, pointed and written in pleasing style.

a yellow wig, bowed with dignity to Bernhardt in the box bowed with a prevent madness. Sometimes I have thought I had be box, and Bernhardt in the box bowed with a sweet smile to Morris on the stage. As the play went on Bernhardt in the box bowed with a sweet mile to Morris on the stage. As the play went on Bernhardt in the box bowed with a sweet mile to Morris on the stage. As the play went on Bernhardt in the box bowed with a sweet mile to Morris on the stage. As the play went on Bernhardt bent over to me and whispered to movelists, although Ripling is not the originator of it. Many of the French romancers change if their stories materially after printing on their stories materially after printing of form. Whether in such cases the changes are in for the better is a question open to doubt, but while the study of novelists mental processes regulated be assessed in the second of the desired the proper thing and after sanctors described to proper thing and after sanctors described the proper thing and after sanctors described the proper thing and after sanctors described to proper thing and after sanctors describe

changes of coat under partisan, financial or alco-holic pressure. Returning to "The Light That Falled." It is to be hoped that on second thought Mr. Kipling excised two or three passages which not only were unpardonably coarse, but which were dragged in by the hoels as ungracefully as that sort of operation could be done.

that sort of operation could be done.

The man who is some day going to buy a good edition of "Boswell's Johnson" and read it has now the best chance that has been offered him in a long time. The Harpers have printed from the plates of their edition de luxe a set in six volumes, which leaves nothing to be desired in point of typographical taste and beauty. To many intelligent readers Johnson's writing is about as heavy as a tax sale advertisement in which one's own property is named, but in conversation he was as clever, wise and "snappy" as any man whose sayings are recorded, and Boswell was, unconsciously, a prince of biographers, besides making unlimited amusement through his own stupidity. Many thousands of men and women have found Boswell's recollections more entertaining than any novel, and the pook is quite as readable now as when it first appaared.

Another capital storehouse of recollections is Lord Houghton's "Life and Letters." Nominally a biography, it is tull of all sorts of good things said by or about scores of statesmen, wits, artists, philosophers, soldiers, writers and other wide-awake people, about whom everbody likes to read. The material at the disposal of the editor, Mr. Wempss Reid, was of enormous quantity, but the temptation to use too much was bravely resisted, and the result is a two volume octavo, in which there is not a prosypage. (Cassell & Co.)

I wonder how many Americans know that the rarest military decoration in the world is the Medal of Henor in our own army? Compared with it the Victoria Cross of Britain is common and the French Legion of Henor decoration not wouth taking. The medal was instituted by special act of Congress during the late civil war as a recognition of aclas of unusual bravery, and less than five hundred have been awarded. General Rodenbough has written a history of this medal and its recipients, and Dillingham will publish it at once.

When I go to Honduras—a trip which seems not likely to be made in the near future—I shall carry Ceoil Charles' new book on "The Land of Great Depths." It is full of information on the resources of the country, methods of travel, enstome of the people, manner of life, &c., and also on the prices of everything which the traveller may need, from a light lunch to a good horse.

The suggestion of William M. Chase to start at the Metropolitan Muscum or elsewhere a collection of portraits of American painters by themselves or their friends has, I hear, been entinusiastically received by a number of artists. Mr. Chase skowed his carnestness by offering to give his portrait of the veteran landscape painter Worthington Whittredge, ex-president of the National Academy, who has a head as five, if not oner, in its picturesque qualities than that of Michael Angele. As their portraits would all be presented, and should both as to subject and execution pass a jury, the muscum would in time have a remarkable collection. The works at the Academy presented on election as associate are of mach interest, but are rarely, if ever, seen by the public, being pushed up under the ceiling of the lecture room, and not even decently framed. Why can't the Academy frame these works and arrange them and the pictures presented on election as academician a permanent exhibition in the library? Of what use are they if they are not seen? By the way, why should not the portrait collection prepared by Mr. Chase include foreign painters. M. Benjamin Constant, I make no doubt, would be glad to offer a portrait of himself, and so would many foreign painters whose works are owned in great part in this country.

Is it not about time that the Academy of Design gets a clock in the piace of the one that was stolen some five or six years ago? They are always preaching poverty at the Academy, but if it can establish the new office of a paid superintendent it certainly can afford a clock. The best piace to put it I think would be high on the corridor wall at the head of the entrance stairs. There it could be seen both from the entrance and from the galleries. Time passes quickly in picture galleries, and many a late arrival at lunch and a broken appointment is the Academy responsible for.

There is in W. M. Chase's studio a very attractive pastel portrait of two Cutting children, both girls, done at tellp last summer. Mr. Chase tells me his work will probably be one of his contributions to this year's display of the Painters in Pastel. The children are on a lawn, one seated in a garden chair, with a picture book in her lap, and the other standing by her side.

By the way, what has become of the proposed display of the Society of Painters on Stone whose formation I aunoinced a good white ago in these columns? The organization includes some of the best of the younger painters who were very enthusiastic over this lithographic revival. Some of the work thave seen in progress was most promising, and the display would with little doubt prove highly attractive.

F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor, has well under way an imaginative figure piece of much importance and decided promise. With characteristic energy Mr. Elwell in little over a week had the work standing in the clay in such a condition that when I saw it a day or two ago a very good idea could be had of its possibilities. The group, of heroic size, represents Venus with a lion. The goddess is entirely nude, and her chevelure is topped by a crescent. She stands at the side of the lion, and as he turus toward her and looks up lifts in caressing fashion with her right hand a look of his mane. Her left hand ralls to her thigh. The possof Vonus, who etsands acry erect, is distinguished and elame, as the French say, and the lion, about whom the sculptor has taken expert advice, including that of Superinsental Conklim, of the Central Park menagerie pro sizes very well. Mr. Elwell has in his studio an artistically adviactive bust, or rather almost half length, in plaster of a lady with her hands—one holding a book—laid one over the other in front, the arms dropping close to the figure. figure.

That conscientious and able artist, Seymour J. Guy, whose "Making a Train" is one of the best of the smaller genres in the Seney cellection, is nuishing a work of importance in which he has, I think, contrasted with remerkable skill and science the effects of moon and lanternight. The subject is an attractive one. A lost child has been found asleep at the foot of a tree at the edge of woods on a moonlight night. A faithful old dog, one of the search party and who has evidently made the discovery, sits proudly by the child and to them, in the foreground, flooded with the warm light from his uplifted lantern, advances a young man. A little way off a companion, also with a light, shouts across an open space flooded with moonlight to where, near the further edge of the woods, the rest of the party are seen.

woods, the rest of the party are seen.

In his studio in the Tenth street building I found worthington Whittredge the other day painting from a study made last summer and on a canvae of good size a view on Seconnet Point, opposite Newport and near the West Island club house, which is such a favorite resort of ea-President Cleveland. The view is looking straight to the end of the Point, along which a road passes, to some fishermen's huts. Mr. Whittredge made a number of studies on his favorite Rhode Island littoral last summer. An interesting one from another locality, the Catskills, is a proturesque barn juterior, with lots of cobwebs and an old man scated holding, it I recall aright, some harness.

IN TOUCH WITH THE TOWN.

SHARP OBSERVATIONS BY WELL KNOWN FOLKS ON MEN, WOMEN AND OTHER TOPICS.



Y HORACE STORES, manabout - town. - I was present at a dinner given in honor of Rider Haggard, the novelist, and bis wife by a wealthy gontleman up town last week. The dinner was for half-past six, but Mr. Rider Haggard didn't show up till seven. Whon

the novelist did present himself his boots were muddy and everything but his hair was ruffled. He appeared to be in a revery during the dinner same. and was highly uninteresting. His conversation consisted of "Ab, really's!" and hems and haws. He ran his hand continually through his excefully barbered hair. "I was late," he explained, "because I had to come in one of your tramways on stilts, you know." The other guests had come in cabs and carriages.

By FRED Schwar, music critic and impresario .-When Sarah Bernhardt came to this city for the first time Jarrett took her to the Union Square Theatre, where Clara Morris was playing "Camille," and escorted her to a box. Morris, on the stage in a yellow wig, bowed with dignity to Bernhardt in

JAY DURHAM, business manager Julia Marlowe.—
Miss Marlowe is on the road to early recovery from
her long and severe illness. It is probable that
she will return to work in March. The prior dates
were cancelled. The company was disbanded and
some of the leading people engaged with other
companies, but we will have no trouble in reorganizing. There is no truth in the stories to the effect
that she has broken her contract with Falk, who
has been her backer, though some of Miss Marlowe's friends have been urging her to do so.
Falk's contract covers next season. He has paid
her \$200 a week right along during her entire illness and is paying it to-day.

Roward W. Kemble, the artist—I know many actors who are artists with the brush and pendi; and very fair artists at that. Joseph Jofferson goes in for water colors. Direy draws queer caricatures, and I saw one of his eccentric drawings on a Parker House (Boston) bill of fare only the other day. Louis Harrison, the comedian, is a rapid draughtsman. Tim Murphy used to be a house painter in Washington, so he comes rightly by his tasts for pen and pendi. His dressing room wherever he may be is covered with daubs roughly but effectively done in grease, paint and crayen. Lotts, Minnie Maddern, Madeline Lucette and Alice King Hamilton draw very neatly. E. H. Sothern has made sketches which Dan Frohman considers worthy of hanging framed in the lobby of the Lyceum Theatre. George Fawcett How used to go in for oils. Alexander Salvini, son of his father, presented a very neat water color to Marie Burroughs last year.

roughs last year.

Mant Shaw, actress.—I'm not surprised to hear that Julia Marlowe intends going back on Falk—who put up money for her last season—and to star next neason under the management of T. Henry French. It's very rare that an actress remains with the backer who risked his money on her when she was a baginner and unknown. After an actress has made a certain reputation she goes in for some well known, glit edged manager. I was in Boston the other day and met Eben Plympton hurrying to catch a train. "Where are you going, Plym?" I asked. "To my country place," said he. "What do you call it?" I asked. "Insultington," said he: "for it was bought with money I carned playing with Julia Marlowe and bearing her insults."

with Julia Marlowe and bearing her insults."

W. A. Shabr, theatrical manager.—Two years ago I was broke, walked the streets and sometimes actually had no place to sleep. But Hoyt & Thomas, a successful firm, walked the Fark, I hear, when they started in the theatrical business, so I'm consoled. I made my first money out of "After Dark," I went in with Webster and we paid Boucicault a small royalty of fifty a week. Webster had saved a little money by acting, and so had I. The melodrama paid and I branched out into other ventures, I got credit for printing, which is the biggest item of expense in theatricals. I tried the "Bottom of the Sea," and it was successful. Now I have three "Clemenceau Cases" on the road. "The Irish Arab" and "The Inspector," and they're all doing well. I'm twenty-seven years old.

JEANNE FRANCO, the violinist.-I take almost as Jeanes Franco, the violinist.—I take almost as much pride in my sutograph album as I do in my violin. On its pages you can find the scratch of Wienlawski, Remenvi, Fatti, Nilsson, Rucenstein, Essipoff, Nostman, Thomas, Damrosch, Seidl and Josefy. Most of these musical geuluses do not write a good hand. One of the wittest things in the book is the autograph "I wasn't born, I was quarried. Henry Adonis Direy." When I issked Patti for her autograph she wrote on the last page, "Last, but not least, Adelina Fatti." When, later, a saked Nilsson for her signature, she noticed Patti's signature, and wrote on the inside cover of the book, "Last—Christine Nilsson."

Convalue, the danseuse.—You have no idea of the number of dances there are. It's very difficult to remember the names of most of them, much more the steps. There is the chica, the fandange, the holoro, the sarahande, the exchuca, the santarelle, the chacome, the courante, the galliarde, the san teuse, the hornpipe and the jig. Ont! I'm tired, I suppose you are, too! I practice two hours daily and use three pairs of satin dancing slippers every week. I cat but one meal a day, and make up for it at supper after the show.

John W. Kellah, president of the Tenderloin Club.—I have thought of using my influence to change the social nature of the Tenderloin Club into a sporting club. I think we ought to have a club in this city like the California in San Francisco, the Olympic in New Orleans and the Pelican in London, where gilt edged fistic exhibitions could be given for certain purses before limited gatherings. I don't see any harm in sparring matches between professionals, if law and order are properly maintained.

Bund, dealer in back numbers or papers.—I have the daily papers on my stand, but my specialty is back number papers. A three cent paper dated a year ago I sell for a quarter, and so on. I have a big wooden barn on hong Island where I keep files of back numbers of all the big dailies and weeklies, and when there is a demand I supply them and charge in proportion to rarity. Lawyers are among my best outstomers. When Jake Sharp was up for trial and endeavored to get a change of venue, on the ground that he couldn't get a fair trial here in New York, his lawyers sent for a lot of back numbers to show how the papers had been trying him before his trial.

Lester Shavener, fencing master,—I was a bad actor before I became a fair and popular fencing master. My pupils are mostly women. I have a dressing room in my fencing establishment and a female attendant, and when women take lessons they do so in a free and easy coatume. Women learn fencing much more readily than men. Actresses go into it to reduce fiesh. Marie Jansen lost ten pounds in three weeks under Colonel Monstery, of Chicago. Langtry and Coghlan are fine fencers. Our best fencing masters in New York are Senae, Fredericks and Jacoby, each of whom has a fine school. There are the folis and boxing gloves of Robert Ray Hamilton, who got himself into such a mess with Eva Mann. He was one of my pupils, and paid me for his last quarter just two days before he left for the West, where he came to such on untimely and.

WILLIAM MENTAYES, comedian.—I never saw Edwin Booth laugh heartily but once. We were playing "Julius Cusar" at Baidwin's in Frisco. Booth was Brutus, McCullough was Cassius, Harry Edwards was Cassar and Charley Bishop and I were plain, everyday citizens. It was the last night of the run and we all felt frisky. So when Cassar spoke the well known Ime, "Let me have men about me that are fat." Bishop and I, both fat men, walked boldly in to Cassar and shook him heartily by the hand. It broke Booth all up and he laughed outright.

James S. Conlin (keeper of the well known shooting gallery):—My place is a rendezvous for grack shots who try their luck and science in hitting the bull's-eye. I'll give you some records. Frank Lord, man about town, has taken a revolver and made as many as twenty-one consecutive bull's-eyes. He has hit the edge of playing cards at the word eighteen out of twenty times. L. V. B. sone. Albert A. Gohen, William H. Chase, the arrist, and W. H. Wickham can take a gun or a revolver and hit a bullet swinging on a saring, coin or pipe every time, and spilt cards edgewise held up at twenty paces. Pierre Lorillard and Lewis Livingston at twenty-five paces have hit the bull's-eye with a revolver sixty-one times out of a possible seventy. J. J. Dunn, Charles Jones, J. B. Blydenburgh, Theodore Rocsevett, Eugene Higgins, D. A. Davis, Juage Gildersleeve and N. F. Brisac are crack shots. Brisac has only one eye, but he gets there all the same. James S. Contin (keeper of the well known shoot-

William Hallock, sporting man.—The men who study the records of horses and then bet on them generally get left for their pains. Nothing is more uncertain than records, and a pedantic knowledge of records doesn't assist a follow much is safely placing bis money. I hear that Tagliapietra, the opera singer, bets heavily at the races and keeps a scrap book in which he pastes the records of horses on the track. Feolish man!

horses on the track. Foolish man!

Paul Geher, Chicago inventor.—I've been struggling on the brink of solving a great problem. Success is a matter of millions of dollars. I have almost perfected my invention and the trifle which stands between me and those millions is enough to drive a man crazy. It is a constant repression, an uncessing guard upon myself, rigid self drill, to prevent madness. Sometimes I have thought I had reached the proper thing and after anxious days and sleepless nights that preceded the trial another failure fairly drives me wild. I often dream of it—a sort of a hideous nightmare. My dreams contain other dreams, one within another, wherein the joy of success ends in despair, or vice versa. It is terrible! No wonder men go mad over inventional At times I devoutly wish I had never conceived this thing, but was still plonding along at my bench. Then I go at it again with fresh spirit and renewed hope.

York, where he is a good deal of a nuisance, as big dogs must be in big cities. The finest greyhounds are the Scotch, which are raw boned and shaggy. Italian greyhounds, slight and delleate, are affected mostly by the ladies. A good greyhound pup is worth \$50.

EDMOND GERSON, brother-in-law and manager of the Kivaifrs.—I was much surprised to see the Spanish dancing fad take as it did in New York. Carmencits, whom we brought to this country and introduced in "Antiope," was allow salaried woman in her country. The best dancers in Spain are Italians. Dancers like Carmencita and Otoro are Italians. Dancers like Carmencita mad others are to be found only in the lowest ceffee houses and dance balls of Madrid, and you can hire them for a mere song. Carmencita was made the fashion by the fact that an artist of the Four Hundred painted her portrait and that the paragraphers of the press took her up.

Jay Durham, business manager Julia Marlowe.—

Jay Durham, business manager Julia M



From dawn to even's glow; Or savatered with their buxom dames Within the fort of many names. There lived one Pieter Bokyllie; |Prime Knickerhocker stock!| A soldier at the fort was i.c.

Whose duties were from six to three. Or semetimes four o'clock. To pace from Breedwag (new Breadway) To the green waters of the bay.

And well was he by nature made
To match a subtle foe,
As many a burgher's boy who played
Within the bastloos' grateful shade
Most painfully did know:
His paunch was large, but he was strong;
With legs, though bowed, uncommon long. Now Pieter had-they do it still

To take his turn at evening, chill. And sentinel the night, until The east threw off its gray.

'Twas midnight, like a blue-white chesso The moon rose o'er the locust trees. Nieuw Amsterdam in darkness slept, And slience woo'd her shore, No sound awoke the peace except

From Pearl street now and then there error A deep sepulchral snore; Teiling that honest burgher's rights Were not laid on the shelf o' nights. From fortress gain to sallyport
He strode with measured pace.
It's cold work marching round a fort

On winter nights and comething "short" Is seldom out of place. "Against the rules." be thought, "but shoof Why ain't blue neses 'gainst 'em too! So from his galligaskins wide
Forthwith he drew with stealth
A hottle-hat we'll lay aside

The details, and but this confide,
He drank his own good health.
And ere the moon had reached beaven's crown He'd tousted half the slumbering town. And now more swiftly sped the hours That lagged before, and soon One of these chill December showers

That bring no good to men or flowers Snuffed out the sickly moon. 'Twee then, from Pleter's own account He saw upon the Merry Mount A stranger, in a long black cape, Who held above his head A queer black thing of mushroom shape; The sentry, with surprise agape, Mounted the steps and said, In most indignant, low down Dutch

"Grugg-huk-vak-grinken-kommentutch The stranger answered, with a smile, "Good avening, sir: I see
My patent shoes and high silk tile

Are strange to you—the latest style! I'm Pieter Bokyljie. A great patroon my ancestor, Wno died in sixteen eighty-four.

"A fine old chap, historians say, My burgomaster sire! In great New York's primeval day No member of that bright array Stood socially higher. His moral greatness none can aum.

But all agree-he hated rum "Great Nicholas!" poor Pleter cried,
"Why, then-why, then, you're my
I mean. I'm your ancestral pride. !To hide the bottle here he tried!

The stranger slowly shook his head "You don't quite fit the shoe!" he said, And vanished, as the gan's red liars, [Fired by unearthly hand] Cast on the fort a moment's glare. White frightful sounds disturbed him at And rolled o'er sea and land. The morning-half-past seven o'clock-Found Pieter suffering from the shock

He lay beneath a caunon's frame, Close to the rampart's brink; And from his husky lips there came Bis grandsire didu't drink?

Sleep, l'ieter, sleep; pure and rafined; Ancestry's scrubbing brush is kind! THOMAS FROST.



I'm filled and trimmed each morning by A most bewitching maid She's plump and protty as a peach 1s Mabel, and she knows tress

Her string of anxious beaux, Each night at eight she comes up And lights me with great care And then sits down to rest upon A great, big rocking chair, I always know whom she expucts Will call, just by the way

The power of my say. On Monday and on Thursday nights She turns my wick up high, And when her callers go she puts Me out without a sigh.

On Tuesday night and Friday, too With most unseemly haste, Right in the centre of the room, Upon a stand I'm placed. For on those nights the chaps who cal Are callow, sappy dudes.

Who spend the evening lisping their But on the first night and the fourth

Of every single week She turns me down so low that I'm "Not in it," so to speak. The youth who calls upon those nights Enjoys a perfect "snap;"

He occupies the rocker, while She occupies his lap. He's called upon her twice a week, For seven months or more And every week she seems to like Him better than before.

And last night, after he had gone, I noticed on her hand A ring, I'd never seen before, A diamond studded band

So after this, I guess Pit not But blink from eight till twelve such night. And watch them bill and co

MAURICE E. McLOUGHLIN





ST. TIMOTHY'S AND ZION CHURCH.

price and the proceeds added to the fund that had already been gathered.

In consequence of this the work on the new church will be prosecuted with all despatch, and when the capstone is placed on the highest plungics, the address completed will be wholly post for and free of debt. In fact the cost of the church and parish house, estimated at \$163,000, has more than been raised because the vestry have been enabled above the cost of the church to lay axide \$150,000 as an endowment, there being no income from the renting of yews, as all seats will be free.

The new curch and parish house will occupy the site of the church which was burned on West Fifty-seventh street and will further occupy the site of the church whole was burned on West Fifty-seventh street and will further occupy the site of the church whole will occupy the site of the church whole will occupy the site of the church was burned on West Fifty-seventh street and will further occupy the site of the church was burned on West Fifty-seventh street in depth and having frontages on Fifty-seventh street and lave alleys on each side leading back to the parish house.

The new edifice is designed in the early Gothic siyle and has been treated in the most modest way possible. All efforts at useless ornamentation and carving has been eschewed and massive dignity substituted instead. The material employed in the construction of the buildings will be brick with trimmings of light sandstone. The principal feature of the front will be a massive dignity substituted instead. The material employed in the construction of the buildings will be brick with trimmings of light sandstone. The principal feature of the front will be a massive dignity and the principal feature of the front will be a massive dignity and the principal feature of the front will be a massive dignity and the principal feature of the front